

CORVALLIS

MAGAZINE

Growing with Corvallis Since 1911

- Asphalt Paving
- Construction Equipment
 - Transit-Mix Concrete
 - Building Materials

Corvallis Sand & Gravel



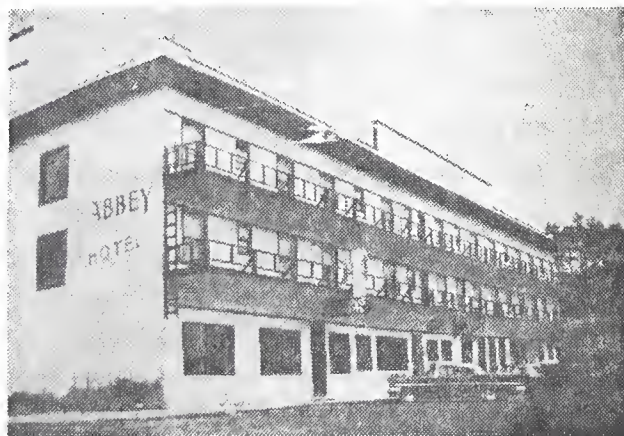
SPRING 1964 - 40¢

Evans Products Slates \$1.5 Million Expansion Of Corvallis Operation

Work has begun on a major expansion of Evans Products Company battery separator and hardboard plants at Corvallis. The \$1.5 million program is scheduled for completion this summer at the separator plant and early 1965 for the hardboard plant. The program will increase production capacity and operational efficiency.

Evans Products has been a major factor in battery separator manufacturing for many years, one of the first to produce wood separators in Oregon from Port Orford cedar. The wood fiber separators have gained rapid market acceptance and are now supplied from the Corvallis plant to battery manufacturers across the nation.

Evans Products will continue to concentrate its production in prefabricated and specialty grades of hardboard rather than industrial board, Corvallis plant manager, Dr. Piotr Zenczak, announced.



Abbey Hotel, built in 1910 on the waterfront at Newport, was destroyed by fire May 10, 1964. Mr. Barr, owner, states that it will be rebuilt. A former hotel on the same site was also burned down in the big waterfront fire of about 1908.

"Corvallis"

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COVER PICTURE: Skeet Swan, Lloyd Harris, Harry Waggoner. Photo courtesy of Earl Harris.

Dr. Burton Dies

Dr. William H. Burton, retired Harvard professor and Corvallis resident, died April 3, 1964. Author of many books and articles, he was much interested in Lincoln County history, and some of his writing and old pictures have been printed in *Corvallis Magazine*. He was preparing for us a story of Greta Garbo's visit (incognito) to Newport at the time of his death.

LOOKING FORWARD

with TOM WILSON

The first commercial job I ever had was washing dishes at the little cafe on Second Street operated by Lloyd (Fatty) Knox and his brother Emmons. Pay was \$3 a week and I hoped to work long enough to save \$5 for which I could buy a bicycle. The year was 1913, and I was nine.

Alas, I worked three days, until my father learned about my job and made me quit.

At that time, however, my father had leased the upper floor above Allen's drug store at Second and Madison and was remodeling it into office suites for Dr. Farra, Dr. Curtis, and for his own law offices. So he hired me to pick up nails the carpenters had dropped and straighten them and to clean up trash. In this way, I earned a 5 dollar bicycle.

During the early 1920's Dr. Curtis moved downstairs, Dr. Farra retired, my father had died, and the upstairs of the building, owned by Pauline Kline, was vacant. Mr. Whiteman, a cousin of photographer Wm. Ball, rented it during the last war and operated a hotel and photo studio there until his death about 1950. This upper floor has been vacant since that time.

Downstairs on the corner, where Eric Youngren now has the Acme store, was John Allen's drugstore. This was considered the best business location in town. But Mr. Allen moved his store back across the alley in the 1920's and Arthur Berman moved his drugstore into this corner. It was highly successful.

As Second Street fell into the doldrums in the late 1950's Berman's, then owned by Bob Berman, moved over to Third Street into a building owned by Mrs. Arthur Berman. This became the nicest looking drugstore in town, but it did not succeed, so Bob bought his brother Karl's drugstore near 26th and Monroe and closed his downtown store. Now, it is said a large bookstore will be started there.

On the alley between Second and Third, where Allen's store had moved, several interesting changes have been made. After Mr. Allen died, Eddie Recken ran the drugstore. Then Albright and Raw bought it and ran it as a second store for awhile. Lately the Hearth & Home store has been there, but they are moving around to Third Street, and a new men's clothing store is said to be opening soon in this location.

Across the street, the old Woodcock bank building has been transformed into the classiest ladies' wear store you ever saw, The Clothes Tree.

So—Second Street is coming to life again. I always said it was the best business street in town, and I've worked on it and run businesses on it since about 1920. You won't know it in ten years, I'll bet, even though it will probably be rid of me before then.



The Armory, OAC, 1910.

Dr. Rinehart was Indian Scout

By Clay Rinehart

As related in my presence by my two uncles, J. H. Rinehart ("Uncle Jim"), Frank Rinehart ("Uncle Frank") and my father, Henry Rinehart.

In early July of 1878 the Bannock Indians were very restive on their southern Idaho reservation. After suffering from real and fancied wrongs perpetrated upon them by the agents of the federal government, they determined to move northward through Oregon and Washington to Canada where they hoped to find freedom from the white man's restrictions and rules. Gathering together all of their possessions they set forth toward the north, traveling in two columns. The first was composed of the old men, squaws, children, livestock and all of the loot which they could steal or capture on the way. The second was made up of the young warriors mounted on fleet horses who led the party, protecting the first column and engaging in raiding forays to capture additional livestock and plunder.

Knowledge of the advance of the Indians toward the Grande Ronde Valley was brought to the little settlement at Summerville by a messenger or "runner". The terrifying news spurred the residents of the area to immediate activity. At a public meeting, "Uncle Jim" Rinehart was chosen as the leader for the defense. All the people living in the north end of the valley were to come to Summerville to take refuge in a hurriedly-erected fort, there to make common defense should the Indians appear.

From the Grande Ronde Valley,

the Bannock party could proceed over the Blue Mountains by way of Oro Dell and up the canyon of the Grande Ronde River, or they could follow a route to the north toward Walla Walla over the Woodward Pass. Should the former route be taken, the defenders of Fort Summerville were in no immediate danger of attack. But if the Woodward Pass was to be the way of exit from the Grande Ronde region, the Summerville area was in the direct line of the Indian march and a fight could be expected.

In order that the Summerville people might know the plan of the Bannocks and act accordingly, "Uncle Jim" Rinehart sent my father, Henry Rinehart, Sam Brooks, and Dr. Willard Rinehart to scout the Indian party. They traveled cautiously across the valley to Oro Dell where they encountered a group of freighters with their wagons and teams. The freighters were on their way to Umatilla Landing with loads of flour from the Island City Mills. The Summerville scouts endeavored to persuade the freighters to take refuge in one of the valley forts rather than risk the journey over the mountain at that time. Noting that one of the freighters, Olney McCoy, was driving a team of mules, my father pointed out to him that the Indians would go farther to steal one mule than many horses. McCoy, however only laughed at the warning, and the wagons soon rolled on toward Umatilla.

At Oro Dell the scouts learned that the Indian party was in the hills west of La Grande and that a group of settlers were forced in a

Beginning construction of the courthouse, 1888, Man at right under arrow was Mr. Scheel, father of Mrs. Martin Coopey. He was a masonry contractor. Man with beard in left foreground was Bushrod W. Wilson, County Clerk from 1864 to 1894 (your editor's grandfather). Photo by courtesy of Mrs. Martin Coopey.



Ruins of Mechanical Hall, OAC, after fire, 1898.

barn at the Starkey Ranch on the upper reaches of the Grande Ronde River. Dr. Willard Rinehart and some others went from Oro Dell direct to the Starkey Ranch while my father and Sam Brooks went into the hills in search of the Indians.

Eventually Father and Sam saw the Indians approaching and they hurried into a deep canyon to hide in a dense thorn thicket. For more than two hours Father and Sam remained hidden, holding the noses of their blindfolded horses to prevent the animals from betraying their hiding place. Soon, along one of the ridges at the top of the canyon walls, moved the warriors, and shortly after, along the opposite ridge, came the family caravan of old men, squaws, teepees and loose ponies.

After waiting some time until it appeared safe, the two scouts cautiously rode to the top of one of the ridges along which the Indians had recently passed. Far in the distance they spied smoke signals rising. Father, who could read them, told his companion that someone had been killed. They rode toward Meacham's road and learned that McCoy and his three freighter companions had been brutally murdered. This was on July 12, 1878. The wagons had been robbed of much of their cargo and then set afire, and the mules stolen.

Father and Sam Brooks proceeded directly to the Starkey Ranch, arriving there after dark. Father asked for a volunteer to carry to Summerville the news that the Indians were crossing the mountains by way of the Meacham Pass. Young Dr. Rinehart offered his services for this dangerous ride. Father was convinced that the Indians were still watching the main road, and he cautioned the young man to keep to the trails and

to move as quietly as possible. Father rode with him some distance past the lookout post where sentries were keeping watch for any of the Bannock party yet in the vicinity. To the young physician Father gave his rifle, wished him all good luck and sped him on his way over the long distance to Fort Summerville.

The young man's ride was one that he was to never forget. He had gone but a short distance when his horse became frightened by a bear or a marauding Indian and began to run at full speed. While the horse and rider were tearing through a thicket of pine trees, the stock of the gun was splintered and the doctor's hat was torn from his head. At breakneck speed the journey was made to Summerville and it is probable that never before or since was such a rapid ride accomplished in the Grande Ronde area.

After leaving the young doctor, Father returned to the Starkey Ranch as it was felt that there was a real danger that the Indians might return to attack the ranch and every man would be needed. But fortunately this did not occur. Shortly after daylight it was learned that the Indians had gone on toward the Columbia. The Bannocks were eventually thwarted in their effort to reach Canada and were returned to their reservation.



RALPH Queahpama, 18 year old Warm Springs tribesman, in ceremonial war bonnet.



Oregon Electric depot in high water of 1920. This building was used many years by the OSU rowing club. It was razed to make way for the east approach of the new Harrison Street bridge. Photo by courtesy of Agness (Vale) Epperly.



Stylish swim suits, 1910, at Newport. The three girls in rear are the Romtvedt sisters of Toledo. Jump Off Joe rock is in the background. Photo by courtesy of Beulah Gilkey.

SHE

By Laurence Pratt

Some concealed moment I'll slip out
unseen, and catch her working her
magic, hanging icicles on
rocks beside the falls; or draping
garments of green moss to keep the
limbs of gray trees warm.

I'll see her on bent knees with lips
close to the soil, whispering the
spell that brings naive violets
creeping in curious mood from
nowhere; or splashing orange-gold
across the pumpkin patch.

I'll catch her---O, I'll surely catch
her with her eyes wide as morning
and her hair like flowing rivers;
and shee shall tell me her deepest
secrets, conjured in caves or born
dark-blooming in old forests.



High school students in front of the small cafe that was on Madison just west of the present City Hall. Left to right: Vin Collins, Stacy Garret, Emm Tristler, Bill Handford. Photo from Agness (Vale) Epperly.



Chief of Police, "Bird" Wells.
July 4, 1898.
Photo from Victor C. Spencer.



Creamery at First and Madison.
The creamery was operated
by Mr. Coopey and Mr. Kaupisch.
The old building was raxed
in March, 1964, to make way
for the new First Street
bi-pass, started fifteen years
ago but never finished. Photo
from Mrs. Martin Coopey.

LETTERS

From Our Readers

Dear Editor Wilson:

I picked up your winter copy of **Corvallis Magazine** which came across my desk today and I was very interested in seeing the pictures of your brother, Joe, at his various ages. I started to clip them out to mail them to him, and then I turned the page and was shocked to notice that Joe had died of a heart attack. For some reason I had not known of this.

Joe and I were always very good friends for many, many years, and within the last half dozen years I worked with Joe in getting historical data from the Post Office Department regarding the various post offices in Lincoln County. For a matter of fact, I knew Joe first when I was in the State Legislature from Clatsop County and probably my most vivid memory of Joe was when he came to Astoria for the nominating convention in the fall of 1945 when they nominated the Republican candidate for this seat in Congress. I did not know he was there and was very surprised and very pleased when he arose from the audience and as the Representative from Lincoln County seconded the nomination.

I was extremely sorry to learn of his passing.

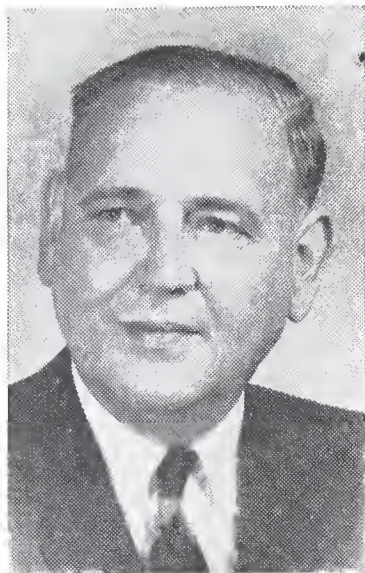
Walter Norblad
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor Wilson:

Another **Corvallis** had arrived. In it you have a column entitled "Looking Forward," which consists entirely of looking backward.

The one item that really appealed to me is Phyllis Hanson's piece on Shelties. By chance I met a Sheltie for the first time a couple of weeks ago at a friend's house, and was enormously impressed with this nice breed of dog. Incidentally, they are very quiet—even though dynamoes of activity. This one, having no sheep to look after, played eagerly with the cat, almost as if trying to herd him around. The cat didn't seem to mind.

My trip is going well, but I don't think we'll be getting out to the coast this time. Nor has my book found a publisher yet. I've been doing re-



WALTER NORBLAD

searches on it, though, and making it much better.

Tertius Chandler
Gothenburg, Sweden

Dear Editor Wilson:

It was a shock to learn of your brother's death. While I can't remember ever having a speaking acquaintance with him (he must have been two grades ahead of me), I can remember how my heart used to flutter whenever I saw him—so handsome he was even at an age when most boys are anything but that. Since we left Corvallis when I was only eleven, nothing came of this tender passion.

Frances Wiles Cannon
La Grande, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

Inclosed are two subscriptions for **Corvallis**. One is my own renewal; the other for Mrs. Myrtle Swan, the widow of Claude V. (Skeeter) Swan former great athlete at OAC.

The clipping from the **Honolulu Advertiser** tells the story of "Skeeter" very well and you may wish to reprint it in part for those of your readers who will remember him.

While visiting Honolulu last month

I had the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Swan and her sister, Gretta Cate. They grew up in Corvallis and were the popular Harington sisters.

Mrs. Swan has a beautiful home in the upper Manoa district of Honolulu. It is lavishly furnished in ornamental styling and teakwood furniture. The grounds are beautifully landscaped, so it is easy to understand why they are content to live in the wonderful climate and these gorgeous surroundings, and with the mainland no less than 5 hours away by air they are not isolated.

My parents moved from Ohio to Yaquina City in 1888 when I was 3 years old and I came to Corvallis in 1895 and resided there until 1909.

November 19, 1908, I married a Corvallis darling, Edna Allen, daughter of Emery Allen. We moved away in 1909 but made frequent visits to Corvallis until the death of her mother in 1936, so I consider myself a qualified Corvallisite.

I also lay claim to being a Lincoln County pioneer, and in the summer of 1963 had the honor of participating in the activities of the Lincoln County historical association, including the unveiling of a marker on the site of Yaquina City. I had the pleasure of meeting your brother Joe at this time.

Congratulations on your fine magazine. I enjoy it immensely and will be a subscriber as long as I am able to read.

C. I. Shenefield
Seattle, Washington

Note: See page 25 for details about Skeet Swan's life in Hawaii.

Dear Editor Wilson:

Having received the last two copies of **Corvallis** as a gift from my daughter I must say that it is the most interesting publication to me, for I came to Corvallis in 1912 and having lived there for fifty years the persons mentioned and pictures bring back many memories. I also have hundreds of pictures of old Corvallis as well as the original film negatives for the **Oregonian**. Mr. Ball, who was just starting his studio at that time, and I worked together. Another who I developed pictures with was Jackie Horner. His home was where the 6th and Monroe parking lot is now, and I boarded with a Mrs. Durrell whose home was where the Library now stands. A. G. B. Bouquet was my gardening professor in college.

My wife and I have been here at Rogue Valley Manor now for 15 months but Corvallis is still home. Keep up your little magazine it is precious for it takes me back to the early days of the "Slow and easy" as the C & E was called and the Pomona and Grahmona were the steamers from Portland. The race track south of Corvallis, "No. 9 Wants a Job", persons like Kline, Kiger, Tarter, M. S. Woodcock, Johnson all are familiar to me.

W. L. Powell
Medford, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

Your last issue of the Mag is the best yet. Enjoyed it even though I do not know any of the people mentioned, nor am I acquainted with that part of the country. You should be able to expand the circulation, but that does not seem to be in the cards. From where I sit, not many people subscribe to magazines anymore.

Hilyard Howsam
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor Wilson:

In case you are interested in the author's point of view, SHE is, of course, nature herself, the Dark Lady of Ben Hur Lampman's thought, as in "Darkly she strode to westward," etc.

In technique, I used the "syllabic" type employed sometimes by Marianne Moore and others, with the same number of syllables in each line, without regard to the number of natural accents, thus having opportunity to avoid mechanical sameness, and to let the ear be the guide in all phrasing.

As an additional touch, the first stanza tapers off with a five-syllable line, while all other lines have eight syllables each.

Laurence Pratt
Portland, Oregon

See Mr. Pratt's poem on page 8.

Dear Editor Wilson:

I retired out of the Air Force with 20 years service last September and "drew out" on them on the new pay bill. So-o-o the Air Force has to set aside \$140 a month for me from now on; of course the income tax bite is there; \$15 to start out which that Denver finance office withholds. Hi.

John Simpson
Monterey, California

THE ULTIMATE

By Dee Burke Lopez

When you were seventeen,
Or twenty,
For that matter--

Did you guess,
Or least suspect,
That someone

Would die for
Love of you--
At forty?



Inside the Heckart home in Corvallis about the turn of the Century. The child in the picture is ^{Creed} ~~the late Earl~~ Heckart.
Vernon



The first J. H. Harris clothing store was located just north of Henderson's on south Second. Later it was moved north to Second and Jefferson, where Smith's Trading Center is located. It was L shaped, and E. B. Horning's grocery store was in the northwest corner of the Houston building. Henry Gerding took over this store after Horning died.



The J. H. Harris "Big L" store. Left to right: J. H. Harris, Earl Harris, Gordon Harris, Vance Taylor.

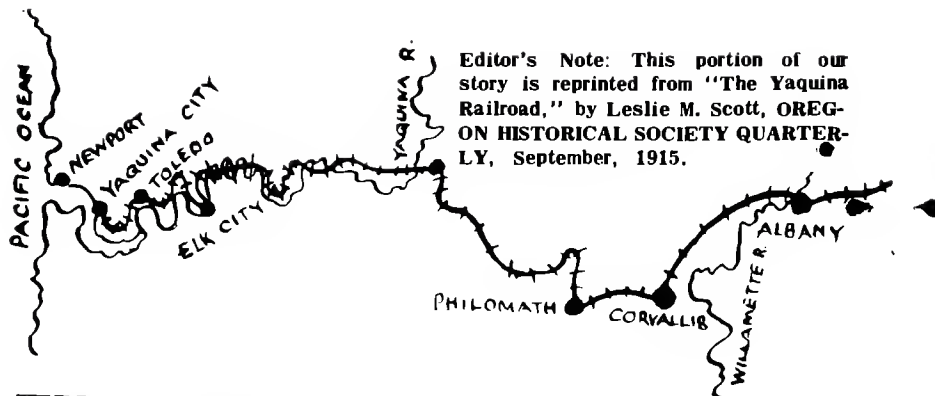
**PEOPLE IN PANORAMA PICTURE
AS THEY CAME FROM CHURCH
AT ALSEA, October, 1913**

Left to right:

1. Herschel Hayden
 2. Cecil Hayden
 3. Henry Peek
 4. Jennie Hockema
 5. Bernice Tom
 6. Geraldine Houser (girl)
 7. Amy Bowen
 8. Leona Rycraft
 9. Crystal Dorsey
 10. Jessie Cathcart
 11. Fannie Dorsey
 12. Leta Dorsey
 13. Elnora Dorsey
 14. Hazel Dorsey
 15. Mr. Dimick
 - 16 & 17. Vrs. Brumfield and
little son on crutches.
 18. Grandma Barclay
 19. Tom Chandler
 20. Mrs. Tom Chandler
 21. Mrs. J. J. Houser
 22. Little Jack Houser (in
Mrs. Houser's arms)
 23. J. J. Houser (Prof.)
 24. W. H. Malone
 25. Mrs. W. H. Malone
 26. Florence Rhodes
 27. Jessie Hayden
 28. Mrs. B. Seits (?)
 29. Mrs. Joe Rycraft
 30. Mrs. Agnes Hayden
(Prop. of Alsea Hotel)
 31. Ethel Cathcart
 32. Allen Pratt
 33. Will Hockema
 34. W. D. Risley
 35. Herbert H. Matthews
 36. David North
 37. David Cathcart
 38. Joe Lester
 39. Marion Hayden
 40. J. B. Horner (Founder
of OSU Museum)
 41. Teddy Rycraft
 42. Jasper Hayden
 43. Leonard Longbottom
 44. Walter Hembling
 45. Bennie Pettigrew (on
upper landing)
 46. Bessie Graham (teacher)
 47. Florence Hahn (teacher)
 48. Grace Hartley (teacher)
 49. Forest Rycraft
 50. Ray Jenkins
 51. Bildred Ruble
- The little dog was "Cappy"
owned by Tom Chandler.

Photo and list of names by
courtesy of Mrs. Dan Chamberlain





Editor's Note: This portion of our story is reprinted from "The Yaquina Railroad," by Leslie M. Scott, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY, September, 1915.

THE CORVALLIS & FRUSTRATION RAILROAD

PART IX — by Leslie M. Scott

The Oregon Pacific, soon after completion of its line between Corvallis and Yaquina, instituted freight and passenger connections with San Francisco. The first carload of wheat was shipped from Philomath to Corvallis Aug. 11, 1885. Steamship connections began Sept. 14, 1885. The fare between Corvallis and the California City was \$14, the wheat rate \$4.50



Oregon Pacific depot, Toledo. Photo from Mrs. A. K. Berman

THE YAQUINA RAILROAD

a ton. The first steamship was the Yaquina City, which continued the route from Sept., 1885, until she was wrecked inside the bar of Yaquina Bay Dec. 5, 1887. In January of that year the steamship Santa Maria, was put on the route with the Yaquina City and was reinforced in August, 1887, by the steamships Willamette Valley and Eastern Oregon. To take the place of the wrecked Yaquina City the steamship Yaquina Bay arrived at the Bay December 9, 1888, where she was wrecked on the south jetty on her first trip. During 1887 the company maintained a frequent service with three steamships, but business was sufficient to operate only the Willamette Valley in August, 1888. In January-February, 1889, the Santa Maria and Willamette Valley were on the route. In October-December, 1889, the Willamette Valley operated alone. In 1887 the Yaquina City and the Willamette Valley carried 24,000 tons of wheat to San Francisco and the returning tonnage was about 200 a trip.

For Willamette River connections the railroad company built three large steamers—William M. Hoag, N. S. Bentley, and Three Sisters, which together maintained an alternate day service between Portland and Corvallis. The trip took two days, with one night stay at Salem. These water lines were operated by the Oregon Development Company, a subsidiary of the Oregon Pacific. They were essential as "feeders" to the railroad.

After completion of the railroad from Yaquina to Corvallis, the next step was extension to Albany. The Willamette Valley and Coast Railroad Company was authorized in 1880 to bridge the Willamette River at Albany but the franchise was not utilized at once. For a subsidy for the extension, Albany citizens raised \$40,000 in 1885-86. The bridge was finished Jan. 5, 1887, and the first passenger train between Corvallis and Albany ran on Jan. 6, 1887; the first regular freight train January 13, 1887. The whole project received impetus in 1886 from the visit of John I. Blair and Percy R. Pyne, of New York, bondholders of the Oregon Pacific and

LESLIE M. SCOTT

directors of the Chicago & Northwestern, who inspected the route to the summit of Cascade Mountains, and commended the enterprise highly. Pyne said in The Oregonian of August 23, 1886:

"I have seen enough to convince me that the story has been but half told. I believe the Oregon Pacific will be a profitable railroad and that a great city will grow up at Yaquina Bay." It was widely believed that the Oregon Pacific would connect at or near Boise City with the Chicago and Northwestern.

Notwithstanding this hopeful prospect, construction east of Albany halted in March, 1887, but on June 9, 1887, a bond syndicate at New York announced that it would carry forward the extension to Boise (Oregonian, June 10, 1887). The syndicate bore the names of Rowland G. Hazard, Samuel S. Sands, A. S. Barnes, T. Egerton Hogg, S. V. White, George S. Brown, F. W. Rhinelander. "This syndicate," ran the New York Dispatch to The Oregonian (June 9, 1887), "assures the completion of the road from its starting point at Yaquina Harbor, Ore., to its eastern terminus, Boise City, Idaho."

Contracts for construction to the summit of Cascade Mountains were let in the summer of 1887 to Nelson Bennett and G. W. Hunt. Both contractors disagreed with the company and quit December 14, 1887, and litigation followed the dispute. The company let new contracts for this work in July-August, 1888, to Brink and West for thirty miles out of Albany, and to James J. Searle, E. B. Deane and Job & Neugass for successive stages. Construction did not continue in 1890. The farthest point of the finished track was Boulder Creek, about twelve miles from the summit. On October 26, 1890, after the Company defaulted in interest, it went into receivership with Hogg named as receiver, by the State Circuit Court for Benton County, M. L. Pipes, Judge. The petition for receivership came from the Farmers Loan and Trust Company, of New York, trustee for the bondholders. (Oregonian, Oct. 30, 1890.)



Inside the old Opera House at Fourth and Madison. Your Editor was Simple Simon in a school play here in 1910. Photo from Lew and Eldon Gray.



Fire wagons in front of old City Hall. Photo by courtesy of Cliff Francisco whose uncle Clifford was driving the horses.

CORVALLIS HOLY ROLLERS

By Tom Wilson

Corvallis is known throughout the world for a religious sect that arose here in 1903, the Holy Rollers. It began and ended with the notorious Joshua Creffield, whom Laura Chipman tells us sold the War Cry for the Salvation Army along Second Street and was often in the Chipman cafe.

The late Buz Ingalls, whose drawings have appeared in this magazine, told us of an incident at Newport when Creffield would have been shot except for something Buz's father had done. Creffield and some of his congregation were embarking on the Newport ferry to cross Yaquina bay for religious activities south of the bay. A man who was determined to kill the preacher had him in the sights of his rifle and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. The man had bought his rifle bullets from the elder Mr. Ingalls, who ran a store at Newport, and Ingalls, knowing the man's intentions, had sold him rimfire cartridges for his rifle that took centerfire cartridges. I guess you would call this a grim joke.

The story of the Corvallis Holy Rollers still appears from time to time in magazines and newspapers in this country and in Europe.

About ten years ago a London friend sent us an English magazine of wide circulation that had a feature article about Creffield and his sect. Our friend wanted to know if this religion still flourished here.

Well, no it doesn't. But let's get down to the story---

Joshua Creffield, a small, light-haired, bearded Swede, and a Mr. Brooks, both formerly with the Salvation Army, and several local Corvallis men were the leaders of

this strange Holy Roller sect. A number of entire families belonged, young girls, housewives and others joined up eagerly. A few wives left their husbands to belong. Two girls, following Creffield's religious instructions, were sent away to an insane asylum, and calm Corvallis was filled with turmoil.

Holy Roller rites included rolling on the floor in ecstasy, groaning, screaming, and praying. When God told them to do so (through Apostle Creffield's hypnotic eyes) they broke up all the furniture and dishes in the house they were worshipping in, sometimes dug up the shrubs, chopped down the fruit trees and, in one case, burned down the house.

Creffield, called Vice-regent of Heaven, promised his numerous female worshippers a chance to be the mother of the Second Coming, provided they rolled around with him at the right time.

Summer meetings of the sect were held on Kiger Island in a wigwam built of boughs and about twenty feet square. A half dozen private tents of worshippers were scattered about. In one incident Prophet Creffield was privately driving the devil out of one young lad when a backsliding member lifted the flap of the holy tent and peeped inside to see the process. Creffield and the lad were irate and beat the hell out of the peeper, giving him two beautiful black eyes.

Creffield and Brooks were arrested, and the officers found most of the worshippers lying about on the floor on mats or blankets. In the center of the room a young girl was lying on her back with

cloth over her face, apparently in a trance. Creffield's head was on the pillow close to her face. Examined for sanity by Drs. Pernot and Cathey, they were found sane and were released from custody. But resentment against them was strong. Wives had left their husbands and young girls had left their homes to follow Creffield, who taught that marriage was unnecessary and his kind of sex life was the will of God. Vigilantes, called the "White Caps," set about correcting this situation.

Creffield and Brooks went into hiding, but were finally captured across the Willamette river near where the approach to the new Harrison Street bridge will be located. They were tarred and feathered by the White Caps and driven away from town.

Arrested and tried in 1904 on a charge of adultery, Creffield was sent to the penitentiary for two years. When released in 1905, he went to Los Angeles, from where he wrote to a young Waldport woman, saying she was chosen to be the Second Mother. However, he left Los Angeles and went to Seattle, where he remarried his

former wife.

Returning to Oregon in 1906, Creffield stirred up his remaining followers and urged them to follow him to Waldport. He was followed also by the fathers, with guns, of two runaway girls of the flock. Creffield evidently got word from on High and flew the coop, returning to Seattle.

On the morning of May 7, 1906, the brother of the Waldport girl chosen to be the Second Mother, found Creffield and stepped up to him, placed the muzzle of a 38 revolver in his back and fired. The brother was tried and found not guilty. At the station to take a train back to Oregon, his sister, still a devout believer, stepped up behind him and shot him in the back as he had shot Creffield. She was committed to an institution for the insane.

Creffield's wife had purchased the pistol used by the girl to kill her brother. While awaiting trial, Mrs. Creffield took poison and died.

This brought a finish to Joshua Creffield's apostleship and an end to Corvallis as a notorious religious center.



Second Street, about 1920

CUTTING A CHANNEL

By Emma Crobaugh

Of nights I remember
One by moon-clear waters;
The freshness of dusk-time
Made friendly the embers
Of sagebrush expiring
In pungent death.
I lay in my blankets
Alone in a world
Where time was arrested
Long ages ago
With only the stratified
Lava to mark
How assiduously patient
Is time's coming on.
Now only the rimrock
Divides the chasm
Where hundreds of feet
Sheer downward, the river
By daylight and starshine
Is cutting a channel
Through a plateau
Seaward-homeward.

ETHEREAL JUSTICE

By W. Arthur Boggs

Some angels beat their wings in vain
and turn the other cheek again,
But those I know have steady aims
and punch those back who punch at them.

JOHN E. SMITH

Historian John Smith passed away this winter at Corvallis. He was the author of numerous articles for this magazine.

John Eliphalet Smith, the oldest child of Frederick S. T. Smith and Drucilla Shepard Smith, was born Jan. 24, 1878 on the farm near McCoy, Polk County, Oregon.

He attended school in the Bethel community and the Holmes Business College in Portland before coming to Corvallis to enter Oregon Agricultural College in the fall of 1898. He graduated June 12, 1902 as valedictorian of his class. That fall he began his teaching career in a one room school in the McKenzie River district. Later he became a college and university professor of geology and geography.

After his retirement in 1937 he made his home in Corvallis. For a short period after the war he taught geography at Oregon State College and since that time devoted his time in study and writing Oregon history with emphasis on pioneer history of Benton and adjoining counties. This study led to many articles published in the Corvallis *Gazette-Times* and the *Amity Standard* and to his being instrumental in the formation of the Benton County Pioneer Historical Society in 1951.

From his study and writings we have three booklets "Bethel, Polk County, Oregon" he published in 1892 and which later became the forerunner of Christian College at Monmouth. The second booklet "Christian College" tells of the early days of the now Oregon College of Education. The third booklet "Corvallis College" gives the story of Oregon State University from the time of its beginning.

His contribution to local history will long be remembered, especially through the Benton County Pioneer Historical Society which is a strong, active organization and one in which he took great pride.



John E. Smith when a student at OAC.



Lifting first shovels of earth in groundbreaking ceremony signalling start of OSU's million dollar marine research laboratory at Newport last month are Lyle Hasselbrink, president, Port of Newport; Tom Current, Senior Field Coordinator, Area Redevelopment Administration; and James H. Jensen, president, Oregon State University. Funds for the new facility are being provided by ARA. Completion is expected before the end of the year.



The Acona, OSU oceanography vessel, ties up at recently completed docking facilities designed by Cornell, Howland, Hayes and Merryfield, engineering-planning firm. The Acona will be replaced later this year by the Yaquina, which is five times larger. The Yaquina is now undergoing fittings to become a modern floating research laboratory under a \$600,000 grant from the National Science Foundation to OSU.



Grand Little Guy Passes On

SERVICES WILL be held at 4 p.m. tomorrow at Williams Mortuary for a grand little guy, C. V. (Skeet) Swann.

A transplanted Oregonian, Skeet came here to play basketball in 1923 and remained to make it his home ever since. He died Monday at the age of 69 after a lingering illness.

A mite of a guy, barely five feet and never weighing more than 119 pounds, Skeet nevertheless distinguished himself as one of the all-time greats of Oregon State athletics.

It was Oregon Agricultural College in his time. His class was 1912 but he returned an extra year for a master's degree in civil engineering which he hardly used.

He majored in athletics—baseball, basketball, football and track. In his five years at Corvallis, he made 19 letters, a record that still stands. There were no eligibility rules at the time and he was able to compete as both a freshman and as a post graduate.

Basketball was his first love and he was a two-time All-American. He later went into professional basketball and it was as a touring pro with the Los Angeles Blues, whom he captained, that he came to the Islands.

He paused here with the Blues en route home from a tour of the Philippines in 1923, and we can see him now running rings around a star-studded National Guard team of Mayor Neal Blaisdell, Big Herman Clark, Abe Kaleikau and others.

'Twas Love At First Sight

IT WAS LOVE at first sight for Skeet and the Islands. He remained here when the Los Angeles Blues returned to the mainland and formed his own team, picking up Freddy Biven, Percy Nottlage, Jack Quick and Marshall Hjelte, another former All-American from Oregon State to round out the team.

They were the class of the local cage world. "I never saw a greater shot and he was one of the last of the little guys in sports," said Freddy Biven yesterday in recounting some of their wonderful playing days together.

Freddy should know. He also fits into the "runt" category but like Skeet, Federico was a great little cager and also excelled in tennis.

"Yes, there's no longer any chance for the little guy in basketball or football," Freddy reiterated.

Skeet joined the late Dave Austin at Honolulu Sporting Goods when the company was first started and he remained there some 35 years before retiring about three years ago.

Skeet formed a great and popular salesman team with the late Red Zimmerman and Buss Coleman.

Honsport was the headquarters of the good old No Sale League.

Rendezvous Of Sportsmen

WE DON'T KNOW how "Old Man" Austin ever stood it but there was never any business done at Honsport during the noon hour. The joint was always cluttered up with sports guys shooting the breeze or passing their lunch hour with a game of dominoes or crib.

Old Klum, the late and former great rainhow grid coach, started it all. He would come down from Manoa each day shortly before noon and hold court in one corner of Honsport, getting the latest word from the prep coaches on some of their stars, and hoping to latch onto some help for his Rainhows.

While Skeet and Red Zimmerman usually covered Pearl Harbor and Schofield, a mighty lucrative source of revenue in the old days, they still managed, one or the other, to be around at noon.

Charter members who seldom missed a session were Big Herman Clark, Harry (Libhouse) Yim, Chauncey Cleveland, one of Herman's favorite pigeons: Louis (D. T.) Haxton, Al Dow, the late Fred Dyson and Wilder Parker, and others too numerous to mention.

Of course, being an inexhaustible source of news, it was part of the daily beat of Ez Crane, the all-time great former "Tiser sports scribe.

With the exodus of Coach Klum from the University, came the end of the No Sale League. Too bad.

BUT TO GET back to the Skeeter. First of all he got his nickname, naturally, because of his size. They called him "Mosquito" at Oregon State and it boiled down to "Skeeter" and then "Skeet."

But basketball wasn't his only cup of tea. He was a great baseball player, an outstanding quarterback and a human whippet on the cinderpath.

Old time ball fans will remember him as the little shrimp behind the plate for Big Six Lozier's famed Wanderer team, Hawaii League champs of the mid-twenties. Ez Crana was a teammate.

Skeet also distinguished himself as an outstanding official in football. He always worked as headlinesman and there never was a finer one.

Nor have we ever met a finer man. Skeet was a lovable, modest, reticent person. We could never get him to talk about his sports background. Alan duBois, another veteran member of the Honsport family, managed to squeeze out most of the foregoing information during coffee breaks down through the years.

Alan expressed the sentiments of everyone who ever met when he said, "They destroyed the mold when they made Skeet."

We're sure the entire local sports fraternity joins us in expressing deepest sympathy to his lovely wife, Myrtle.

The matron walked to the department store information booth and asked the pretty young thing to direct her to the perfume counter.

"Just walk this way," she said, taking the lead.

"Humpf!" the matron said, "If I could walk that way I wouldn't need perfume."

Pushing ahead of the housewives waiting in line at the supermarket, a smartly dressed woman snatched a can from the shelf and pushed it and a dollar at the checker.

"You don't mind if I get ahead of you just to get this one can of cat food, do you?" she asked the shopper at the head of the line.

"Goodness no," she replied, "if you're that hungry go right ahead."

DEAR MR. ADVERTISER:

How much do you pay for Public Relations? well, here's a way to build up your image as a firm interested in Corvallis through the years, to help preserve permanently the story of this town.

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Sincerely,

Tom Wilson

R₃ Engraving Company

A business that has grown from a hobby and now employs two full time employees was started back in November 1961. Bob Rose, production manager of Flomatcher Company, purchased their engraving equipment for the purpose of making some plates for Flomatcher units.

In order to learn the engraving business and to make better signs, Rose started making desk signs, identification pins, and similar signs as gifts for relatives, friends and neighbors. Sales outlets were set up in Corvallis and Albany, and one order led to another until the hobby became a business, which Mr. Rose named the R₃ Engraving Company.

Not long ago the company did an order of signs in French for a machine being installed in Quebec, Canada. Orders go all over the United States and a few desk signs have gone with various members of the Peace Corps all over the world.

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CORNER LOT, 130 feet on ocean at Yachats. In new restricted district. Power and phone lines next door. City water. Good streets. \$2,500, terms. Write Tom Wilson, Box 122, Corvallis, Oregon.

An agent called on a night-club owner. "Boy, have I got an act for you!" he said enthusiastically. "A beautiful girl, 6-feet-2, long blonde hair, and what a shape—58-22-35."

"That's great," said the owner, "but what can she do?"

"Well," answered the agent thoughtfully, "with a little help, she can sit up!"



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